

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow  
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;  
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,  
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisedome  
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,  
Take all my outward worth.

*Gent.* There is meanes Madam:  
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,  
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him  
Are many Simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of Anguish.

*Cord.* All blest Secrets,  
All you vnpublisch'd Vertues of the earth  
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate  
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,  
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolve the life  
That wants the meanes to leade it.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Newes Madam,  
The Britifh Powres are marching hitherward.  
*Cor.* 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands  
In expectation of them. O deere Father,  
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France  
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:  
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,  
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:  
Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Regan, and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

*Stew.* I Madam,

*Reg.* Himselfe in person there?

*Stew.* Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier.  
*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

*Stew.* No Madam.

*Reg.* What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, Lady.

*Reg.* Faith he is poatted hence on serious matter:  
It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out  
To let him liue. Where he arrives, he moues  
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone  
In pittie of his misery, to dispatch  
His nighted life: Morcouer to defcry  
The strength of th' Enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

*Reg.* Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:  
The wayes are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Some things, I know not what. He loue thee much  
Let me vnicafe the Letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather —

*Reg.* I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,  
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,  
She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking looks  
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

*Stew.* I, Madam?

*Reg.* I speake in vnderstanding: Yare: I know't,  
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:  
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,  
And more conuenient is he for my hand  
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:  
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;  
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,  
I pray desire her call her wisedome to her,  
So fare you well:  
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,  
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.  
*Stew.* Would I could meet Madam, I should shew  
What party I do follow.  
*Reg.* Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.*

*Glou.* When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

*Glou.* Me thinkes the ground is ceuen.

*Edg.* Horrible steeps.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

*Glou.* No truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other Senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes anguish.

*Glou.* So may it be indeed.

Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

*Edg.* Yare much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd  
But in my Garments.

*Glou.* Me thinkes yare better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on Sir,

Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull  
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre,  
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.  
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach  
Appare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes  
Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,  
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight  
Topple downe headlong.

*Glou.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Giue me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:  
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vp right.

*Glou.* Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell  
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods  
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir.

*Glou.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glou.* O you mighty Gods!  
This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could beare it longer, and not fall:  
To quarrell with your great opposelless willes,  
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should  
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blesse him:  
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone Sir, farewell:

And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe  
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,  
By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?  
Hoe, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:  
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.  
What are you Sir?

*Glou.* Away, and let me dye.

*Edg.* Had'st thou bene ought

But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayres,  
(So many fathome downe precipitating)  
Thou'dst shiner'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:  
Hast heauy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,  
Ten Maltis at each, make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,  
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

*Glou.* But haue I false, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread Sommer of this Chalkie Bourne  
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre  
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

*Glou.* Alacke, I haue no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit  
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Giue me your arme.

Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.

*Glou.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is about all strangenesse,

Vpon the crowne o' th' Cliffe. What thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glou.* A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes  
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,  
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:  
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,  
Thinke that the cleereft Gods, who make them Honors  
Of mens impossibilities, haue preferred thee.

*Glou.* I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare  
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe  
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,  
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say

The Fiend, the Fiend, heled me to that place.

*Edg.* Beare free and patient thoughts.

*Enter Lear.*

But who comes heere?

The safer sense will ne're accomodate

His Master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the  
King himselfe.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's about Art, in that respect. Ther's your  
Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-  
keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Look, look, a  
Moule: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheefe will  
doe't. Ther's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant.  
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: I'th'  
clout, I'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

*Edg.* Sweet Mariorum.

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